Patientia
Corona
Virtutis
ma
Contra nos
Crucem
Ser anda Religio Vera
Verbum Dei
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Bene Bene

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CORPUS sine CAPITE visibili,

An *Ænigmaticall* EMBLEM;

OR,

A MODELL

Of these distemper'd *Times*.

BEING

An apparent BODY, well proportioned, upright and streight, but yet without any visible HEAD, in this Our most Unhappy *Meridian* of LONDON.

Lately conceived in a *Dreame* or *Slumber*.

And now,

Delineated, penned and produced, to the open view of the WORLD.

By I. M. *Student of* Exon. *in* Oxon.

This *Corporate CITY* seems to want a *HEAD*:
And that's the Cause all *Trading*'s growne so dead.

LONDON,
Printed by *Luke Norton*, in the Yeare, 1642.

Potentur Virtutis
Com mi
Nemo nisi suus Cultui nervet
Quis Contra nos
Si Deus
Cal on Pi
a Crucem
Secunda Religio Vera
Verba Dei
Thesaurus Populi
Vitanda
Superstitio Vana

THE DESCRIPTION AND explanation of the precedent EMBLEM.

With ſome few Digreſsions not impertinent unto the Matter intended.

READER, This *Emblem* here before thine eyes,
May ſeeme a Wonder full of Quiddities,
And if it ſhould appeare ſo, at firſt view,
Yet thinke it not ſo ſtrange, as it is true:
'Tis in a Chriſtian manner meant and pen'd,
Conteining nothing good men to offend,
How-ever at ſome things Thou mayſt admire,
Thy Love and gentle Cenſure I deſire:
And if thou wouldſt know more, obſerve it well,
The meaning in plaine Termes Ile breifly tell.
The DIADEM encompaſt with a *wreath*,
Doth ſhow the *Crowne* is ſafe though *Mars* doth breath
Such furious, bitter bluſtering blaſts abroade
As if an ARMY were in every Roade;
In every Way each Citty Towne and Village,
Ready to Murder Plunder ſpoile and Pillage.
The *SCEPTER* ſeene within the Lawreat Band,
Shewes that the Regall Power moſt firme doth ſtand.
The *ANGELS* that on either ſide ſupport,
Doe ſhew that *GOD* is our Defence and Fort;
Hee guards the *CROWNE* and *SCEPTER* with his Wing,
Though (for the preſent) wee can ſee no *KING*:

His Grace (though ſtrangely led, and like to fall,
Dweis yet i'th' hearts of his good Subjects all.
And though remote a while he doth remaine,
Hee'l in good time (I hope) returne againe.
The *LORD* (I truſt) will ſo illuminate
Our *SOVERAIGNS Eyes*, that he may ſee the ſtate
And ſad Condition comming on us all,
Threatning as well *His* Ruine as *Our* Fall.
The little Sentence in the Wreath ſet downe,
Shewes Patience is a *Iewell*, Vertues *CROWNE*,
And our long patience waiting for our KING,
May prove a Comfort, though it ſeemes a Sting,
For in *His* abſence he the more may try
His flattering *Foes*, with all their Treachery:
And more he ſees them troubious to the State,
The more their Projects hee'l deteſt and hate.
The Body well compoſed and well bent,
Portends a Wiſe Religious PARLIAMENT,
Wherein both Houſes are ſo joyn'd together,
They ſtarde at no *Storms*, They feare no Weather;
Come *Life* come *Death*, the full reſolved are
To maintaine true *Religion*, that's their Care;
Likewiſe the *Rights* of KING and PARLIAMENT;
Good Ancient *Lawes* to hold is their Intent;
They would make ſure the *Subiects* Libertie,
And with his *Freedome* His Proprietie;
This is their *Ayme*, that *Prince* and People all
May live and love, riſe up but never fall,
By *Strife* or *Diſcord* into vile contempt;
They would have all Contentions quite exempt:
And they deſire for Truths ſake which they loved
All Iealouſies and Feares may be removed:
That no miſ-priſions, nor ſtrange miſ-conſtructions
Should be produced to worke our ſad deſtructions.
This double BODY ſo upright is placed,
That 'tis not apt to ſwerve, nor be diſgraced;
There's no deceipt involop'd in the breſt
Where Equitie and Iuſtice ſweetly reſt.
The *POPE* whereon this Body ſeemes to tread,
Shewes ROMES *Religion* heere is almoſt dead;
The *Croſier Staffe* and *Beades* doe plainely point
Idolatry to bee thruſt out of joint;
Romes Rages and ruſty *Reliques* all muſt flie
Here's no permiſſion now for POPERY.

The

Wretch prophane, and vile Incendiary,
...uets all may now no longer tarry;
...ries begin their doleſull Song,
...muſt pack hence, they have beene here too long:
...treads on theſe that ſtrives to domineere
POPE, the REBEL, and the CAVALLIER.
...ttle *Motto* comming from the *Pope*
...whilſt hee breaths he hath a Divelish hope,
...oint his Triple head againe; but ſee
...ſo trampled downe it cannot bee;
...is *Adherents* have beene queld of late
...lagging their Armes their Coine and Plate.
...enten...e o're the *Pope* deſcribeth plaine
...ould maintaine Superſtition which is vaine;
...orſe then vaine, for thoſe that live therein
...downe their Soules with ponderous loads of Sin,
...ne very Pit of horrid Hell,
...all the wicked ſhall for ever dwell.
...acred Booke wherein lies Gods Command,
...s both *Houſes* for the Truth doe ſtand,
...its lying open, you may ſpie
...t claſped to the LAYETY:
...*well*, where all may quench their thirſt,
...e all ſhould drink, but none untill they burſt,
...ay doe, who are ſo full oth' *Spirit*
...dare Preach any thing, whoever heare it,
...ence or Blaſphemy, no matter what;
...re brave Fellowes if they can but chat
...bble much in theſe our purer Dayes,
...in *Mechanicks* ſhew Divines new wayes.
...*loughman* when into a Cart hee climbes
...les the learned *Doctors* of our Times,
...rner. Cooper, and the Souter may,
...ught we know) preach twice on every day:
...ere, they can with their old working Tooles
...ll the Ancient *Fathers* to bee Fooles;
profound, *Bernard* and *Chriſoſtome*,
quickly make into ſubjection come;
Nazianzen, *Ambroſe*, *Gregorie*,
...ill confute and that *Extempore*,
man of common ſence or wit
give but credit to each Foole in's Fit.
...ntence which upon the Booke is written
GODS Word ſtill ſhall laſt, though Envy-bitten,

The other *Latine* Sentence doth unfold
That we our true *Religion* fast should hold.
The *Sword* that's drawne, denoteth in some ſcore,
A love to *Peace*; yet Poſture of *Defence*;
One of the *Motto's* cleare preſcribeth plaine,
No Man but by his owne Default is ſlaine:
Th'other averres, If *GOD* be on our ſide,
We need not care for Papall power or pride;
If great IEHOVAH doe our cauſe take parts,
What earthly *Potentate* can wound our hearts?
When *David* was but young, of growth but ſmall,
He ſlew *Goliah* that was great and tall.
The *Purſe* and *flaming Heart* doe both expreſſe
The *Coine* and *Plate* that's brought with cheerfulneſſe,
To maintaine Armes with Store, with hand and heart,
If Warre muſt be 'gainſt the malignant part.
The words *Theſaurus populi* doe ſhow,
Theſe bounteous preſents from the people flow:
The Rich, the Poore, the Widdow wth her Mite;
All bring in what they can in open ſight;
That all the world may notice take and ſee,
Their guifts come from them with alacritie.
From high to low, from aged unto youth,
All good men know 'tis to ſupport the truth;
Yea ſuch a Truth; that wer't extinct and gone,
Our wretched ſoules are utterly undone:
But we doe yet enjoy't, let's hold our owne,
Lets ſtand up for the Goſpell and the Crowne:
Gods Word is on our ſide, and he I hope
Will make us able to confound the Pope.
Thus farre have I unfolded what is meant
By this darke Emblem of our Parliament:
The Reaſons alſo I have ſignifi'de
Of all the Adjuncts to be ſeene beſide.
But Oh, the chiefe where I ſhould firſt begun,
Inviſible doth ſeeme, the leſſe is done;
Things doe not goe ſo forward as they might,
If one that's wanting dayly were in ſight.
This Head not ſeene into your minds may bring
The grievous abſence of our gracious King.
That Cloud which will not let us ſee our Sun,
Hath beene the cauſe of all our woes begun;
Of all our troubles, and of Irelands ſorrowes,
Whoſe every day griefe of the next ſtill borrowes.

Lord

An Explanation of the Emblem.

Lord looke upon them in their great diſtreſſe,
Send them a ſpeedy and a quick redreſſe;
And grant good God (oh heare our fervent prayers)
That our caſe here may nere be like to theirs.
And gracious God (if ſo it be thy will)
Keep not our diſcontented Soveraigne ſtill
From out our ſight; that miſty Cloud remove,
Streame downe on him and us thy Rayes of love.
Lord take away thoſe feares and jealouſies,
Which have beene cauſe our ſad miſeries:
Let King and Parliament be all as one
Let all miſtakings be forgot and gone,
Let CHARLES come to us Lord, and with him bring
A branch of Olive as a peacefull King,
Let Iudah come and ſit in his owne Throne
Let Subjects all injoy and know their owne,
Let peace and plentie dwell amongſt us heere
That wee noe homebred nor out-foes may feare,
Let King and People bee no more affrighted
But let them all in love bee re-united,
Then may we all rejoyce, untill which time
I have ſmall liſt to write in Proſe or Rime.

The end of the Explanation of the
precedent EMBLEM.

The distinction betwixt Peace aud VVarre, with the Authors propitious Wish.

VVHen Adam *with his faireſt* Eve *was plac'd,*
In Eden, *then the World with peace was grac'd,*
But when the ſubtile Serpent did begin,
To bring in hatred, then began our Sin,
He taught our Parents diſobedience firſt:
He drew them on till we were all accurſt:
They both excluded were from Paradice,
And we were made Co-heires of their Vice.
Then Caine *his onely Brother* Abell *ſlew:*
When he ſhould nere have more for ought he knew:
Contention, ſtrife and malice doe not care,
Whom firſt they kill, nor Friends nor Foes they'l ſpare:
Mars *and* Bellona *ſtill are hath'd in blood,*
And very ſeldome have done any good:
But heav'nly Peace is held the thing of things,
The chiefeſt Darling of the King of Kings:
Peace was King JAMES *his choiſe, God grant that he,*
To CHARLES *his Sonne a Preſident may be:*
And grant, O Lord, (if t be thy bleſſed will)
That we may have true peace and keepe it ſtill.

An

An *Emphaticall Dreame*.

WHen glorious *Phœbus* had run out his Course,
Whirling his *Chariot* from the *East* toth' *West*,
And *Cinthia* bright had took a kind remorse,
Of Mortalls, lighting them unto their rest;
I laid me downe my heart full sore oppreſt:
And long I had not beene upon my Bed,
But many Whimſies came into my Head.

My wearied Eyes would faine have had ſome ſleepe,
My vexed Cogitations long'd for Peace,
My troubled Fancie ſuch a quoile did keepe;
As if my Cares begun would never ceaſe;
My Soule each minute pray'd for her releaſe:
All ſublunary things, ſeene, heard, or read,
In my Conceipt ſeem'd then to want a Head.

At length I fell into a DREAME or Slumber,
You muſt conceive I was perplexed much,
My Thoughts diſturb'd ſo then, I now can't number;
Yet part thereof, I briefly here will touch,
If in few Lines one may great Matters couch:
What e're I ſaw, ſeem'd then without a Head,
Which was the cauſe the World is growne ſo dead.

Me thought I was tranſported from the Vale
Of darke Obſcurity, where long I'd liv'd;
Induſtry put her curious Workes to ſale;
Her dainty Pieces wittily contriv'd,

All

All shew'd, few bought; so few or none there thriv'd:
And still me thought all things did want a Head,
And that's the cause the World is growne so dead.

Thousands of Objects came before mine eyes,
All in good earnest nothing in division,
Horrour mine intellectuals did surprize;
Amazement seiz'd my senses of each Vision;
All things distracted seemed with division:
Bad Newes both farre and neere was hourely spread,
Which is the cause the World is growne so dead.

Me thought I saw whole Houses, Families,
All full of sorrow, paler then the Moone,
Some wrung their hands, and some with watry eyes,
Cry'd out no Takings! We are all undone;
No monies to be had 'twixt Sun and Sunne:
All Trades (but for *Militia*) now are fled,
Which is the cause the World is growne so dead.

Me thought I saw each Village, and each Towne
All in an uproare struggling for the best,
Some standing for, and some against the Crowne,
Tumults from North to South, from East to West,
All Volunteers of either side, none prest:
This Land hath long been sick, now pain'd i'th Head,
Which is the cause her Trading's growne so dead.

Me thoughts I saw each County, Shire, and City,
Weltring in blood, or wearied with turmoiles,
Brave houses plundred, which to see was pitty,
And *Cavalliers* even glutted with rich Spoyles,
No place quite free from these outragious broyles:
Rumours of Wars through every Coast were spread,
Which is the cause the World is growne so dead.

Me

Me thought I ſaw full many a Corporation,
Without a Magiſtrate, a Maior, or Guide,
Whereat a neere approaching Deſolation,
Threatned their ruine, to pluck downe their pride,
Grave *Senators* I ſaw much vilifide:
Upon Authority each Boy would tread,
Whence now 'tis come, the World is grown ſo dead.

Me thought I ſaw a Kingdome all in Armes,
And (which is ſtrange) divided in it ſelfe,
Guns ſhooting off, Drums beating up Allarmes,
The Rich moſt ready to produce their Pelfe;
And ſome that had but two ſpoons on their ſhelfe:
But all that while oppreſt with care and dread,
Which is the cauſe the World is grown ſo dead.

Me thought I ſaw both Vniverſities,
Diſtracted quaſh't, and ſtricken with amaze,
Religion minced with Diverſities
Of ſtrange opinions, makes the vulgar gaze,
At *Academians* and their ſhame t'emblaze:
Schollers are ſcoft and ſcorn'd, Schools want their Head,
The Arts may ſleepe, for Learning now is dead.

Me thought I ſaw the ſeverall Inns of Court,
Looke red for anger of a long Vacation:
Places of Juſtice had but ſmall reſort,
No Clyents but a few for recreation,
'Cauſe Lawyers moſt'ſt of Equivocation:
Their Judges faile, Courts want their cheifeſt Head,
Which is the cauſe our Lawes doe ſeeme ſo dead.

Me thought I ſaw a Dioceſan CHVRCH,
A ſtately PALACE, and a Biſhoppricke,
All ſtand forlorne, the *Deanes* and *Chapters* lurch,

The Metropolitan touch'd to the quick,
The *Surrogates* and *Proctors* all were ſick:
Their *head-ſtrong Humors* have brought low their Head,
Which is the cauſe their Calling is ſo dead.

Me thought I ſaw a ſecond Heaven on Earth,
A *Parliament* of noble Peeres and Commons,
All which according to their States and Birth,
Came and attended at their ſeverall Summons,
Such Men, for Wiſedome never were the *Romanes*:
They cheerfully begun firſt with their Head,
But now hee's gone, their joyfull Hopes are dead.

Me thought they had a world of diſcontent,
Feares, Doubts and Iealouſies did oft ariſe,
Betweene the abſent King, and's *Parliament*,
The grounds few knew, though they were here ſo wiſe;
Unhappy thoſe good Councell doe deſpiſe:
This great Aſſembly wanting thus their Head,
May judge his abſence makes the World ſo dead.

Nevertheleſſe, me thought they did proceed,
With ſuch alacrity and cheerefulneſſe,
As if they'd felt poore *Irelands* vvounds to bleed,
And ſympathized in Our great Diſtreſſe,
They've done their beſt our griefes all to redreſſe:
But ô their King, their Soveraigne and their Head,
His abſence makes their living hopes halte dead.

Me thought I ſaw huge Regiments of men,
Striving their Soveraigne dayly to ſubvert,
With ſugred Words, and with deceitfull Pen,
With Vaunts, and Braggs, and with alluring Art.
They've captivated, and ſeduc'd his Heart:
By theſe our King hath ſtrongly bin miſ-led,
Which is the cauſe the World is growne ſo dead.

Papiſts,

Papists, and others Popishly affected,
Monopolists, *Projectours*, *Cavalliers*,
Such of the CLERGIE as are dis-affected
Unto the King and State, increase our feares;
Bankrupts, and Rafeals hourely send us Ieares:
Our present Troubles farre and neere are spread,
Which is the cause the World is growne so dead.

These are the Shavets that have bred these Warres,
These have our King from's *Parliament* divided,
These have occasion'd all our Strifes and Iarres,
By these GODS Children dayly are derided,
Good Remedies (I hope) will be provided:
But now such heavy Newes of Warres is spread,
That all the World, all Trades, all Things are dead.

The King (seduced) needs must be disturb'd,
The Subject and the Kingdome are distracted,
The *Cavalliers* may suddenly bee curb'd,
Good Statutes may be acted, and transacted,
Their Plots confounded that have long compacted:
Then will Our Hopes with Happinesse bee fed,
Meane while I grieve to see the World thus dead.

These were my *Dreames*, or this my DREAME at least,
Which much perplex't my *trembling Thoughts* with feare,
At length I wak'd, and found my DREAME no jest,
As by these Times may very well appeare,
Let's therefore pray to GOD Our Father deare:
That every Thing may have it's proper Head,
And then all Trades will cease to be so dead.

God blesse Our King, his Royall Consort blesse,
Lord teach them both to know and keepe thy Word,
Blesse all their Off-spring, shield them from distresse,

Thine

Thine holy Spirit unto them affoord,
And keep us all from Famine, Plague, and Sword:
And if thou pleaſe to be our Generall Head,
We then ſhall live for aye, and ne're be dead.

Bleſſe likewiſe Lord our hopefull *Parliament*,
Bleſſe both the Houſes, Peeres, and Commons all;
Give them their full deſire, their hearts content,
That Truth may raiſed be, and Falſhood fall;
And proſper their Deſignes both great and ſmall:
Grant them the ſweet fruition of their Head,
That theſe our Times may be no more ſo dead.

Bleſſe alſo Lord, brave *Eſſex* that great Earle,
Bleſſe his Lieutenants, Captaines, and Commanders,
Bleſſe all his Souldiers, give us Peace (that Pearle,)
Reduce all ſuch as erre, each one that wanders
In any by-pathes, keep us all from ſlaunders:
For his ſake that his blood for us hath ſhed,
And grant our Faith and Hope may ne're bee dead.

And grant that our thrice noble Earle may bring
The joyfull Enſignes of Triumph, and Honour,
That we may ſee the Perſon of our King,
That Peace may be diſplay'd in every Banner;
As for the VVhore of *Babell* out upon her:
Let Vnity throughout great Brittaine ſpread,
And then all Trades will be no more ſo dead.

FINIS.